Scared

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Characters:	Sylvester "Sylvie" Ashling, Ramsey Murdoch, Giovanni Potage, Percival "Percy" King
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by perrythedeer

Summary

Ramsey's biggest fear is death.

Can you tell i love nightmare fuel as an attack?

Their paths had crossed before. it was weird, like something practically pulled these two groups towards eachother, the tired girl in the bear hoodie knew Percy, he knew that much. He didn't know this one though, the boy that had him kind of cornered, a part of him wanted to curse Percy for putting the cuffs on him.

Ramsey knew it was procedure- she *had* to, but having this kid staring down at him, a dreamlike jacket on, Ramseys thoughts clicked into place. He was looking for the amulet too.

He'd heard about this kid. Doctor Sylvester Ashling. He was at the museum heist, had nearly killed Giovanni- supposedly they were friends now, but the dark look in this kids eyes did not yell 'im a friendly person.'

He took a step back, putting his hands up to show off the cuffs "Hey kid. I'm not here to hurt anybody, alright? I'm with the cop lady" Sylvie blinked, tilting his head a little. He didn't like seeing people in erasercuffs, made him uncomfortable.

"You're in cuffs. An officer would never leave eraser cuffs on a safe person. You're here for the amulet." Ramsey huffed a little, of course, he had to get cornered by the smart one, he just gave a little side-grin "Kid, what in the world am i gonna do to you with cuffs on?"

Sylvie shrugged a little, taking a step forward. "Who are you?" Ramsey glanced away, step back. He didn't want to deal with this, he had to get back to and find Percy. She should be coming back soon...

"I asked who you were! Answer me!" "R-Ramsey Murdoch! You really *dont* have to shout- I'm not going to hurt you! I'm with Perse! And i don't want the shitty amulet" Sylvie blinked, he didn't believe that for a minute, and the way the man was backing away, looking for an exit..

He just very well couldn't let that happen, and he summoned his *counting sheep*, sending them at the man, who yelped immediately at the swarm of golden wool. "I- what in the world- Are these sheep? Did you just summon *she- FUCK!*" He kicked at one, it bit him, the sheep fucking bit him!!!

Ramsey glared at Sylvie, and leaned down, hooking the cuffs onto one of the sheeps horns, and yanking as hard as he could, knocking himself onto his ass in the process as the cuffs snapped, their glow slowly shutting off.

And he turned the sheep to gold, standing back up and pointing at Sylvie accusingly- who looked shellshocked. "I don't want to *fight*, kid! I'm just tryin to-" "You killed. My *sheep*." Sylvies voice sounded... darker, upset, and Ramsey immediately moved to flick them back from the gold- the same second he did, Sylvie muttered something.

"Nightmare fuel."

He dropped, a shockwave coursing through his body and causing his vision to blur for a second before it shot back. Wonderful, okay, this was great. He moved to push himself back

up, Ramsey found his arms practically unusable, and his epithet wasn't working, like he'd been drained of stamina.

And he couldn't breathe. That wasn't very helpful.. wait.

He couldn't breathe.

That thought alone made something snap in his head, and he started trying actively to get air in, a part of him realized that it wasn't working because his lungs felt like they were closing up, felt like they were shriveled, felt *wrong*- everything did, he couldn't think right, and his vision was dotting in and out.

It hit him like a brick. This kid was killing him. His hands went to his chest and he tried harder to steady his breathing, this wasn't good- why couldn't he hear his heartbeat? It should be pounding in his ears.

Maybe that had something to do with the fact he couldn't breathe. Whatever this kid did was shutting everything inside of him down, and more panic shot into his head like a bullet, he slowly curled up, whole body shaking as he gasped and wheezed, one shaky hand pressing itself to his throat, he wanted to make sure he could feel a pulse.

Sylvia stared. "Thanatophobia... I..." he's never seen it before- nor has he really seen somebodys body reacting so physically bad to an attack, the paling skin and bugged out eyes, this was *killing* this guy.

He didn't mean for it to do that, especially now that his sheep were okay, he'd misunderstood was all. He'd turn off the attack and it'd be fine... he was about too when there was a blur of blue out of the corner of his eyes. He immediately whipped around to face in, putting his arms up in a vain attempt to block the *realass god damn sword* swinging down towards him.

"Percy?!" Sylvie tripped over his own words, the anger in his eyes was all he needed to know that Ramsey hadn't been lying. Percy stared at the blood dripping down the boys arms, dripping from her sword, and focused her gaze on him after a moment. "If you don't fix him, i'm gonna do a hell of a lot more than make you *bleed.*" her voice shook...

Sylvie couldn't help but notice that. He'd never heard Percy talk in any tone except a completely blank one before. "I- i don't know how, if i turn off nightmare fuel he'll still be freaking out- that's how it works- its *meant* to immobilize people-" "Turn it *OFF!*, I'll handle it!"

Percy shoved the boy back and jumped off of where Sylvie had been standing, landing a bit away from Ramsey and immediately running to him and skidding to his side, hand dragging slightly across the ground.

Sylvie deactivated his epithet, and that just made it worse, the forced inhale catching in Ramseys throat as his heart forcibly sped itself up, and it got even faster paired with his hyperventilation and hiccuping, tears running down his face.

Percy placed a hand on Ramseys cheek carefully, slipping it down she could feel his pulse- that was too fast. Far, *far* too fast. "Ramsey? Can you hear me? I want you to focus on my voice, okay?"

Ramsey was staring off into space. Percy wasn't even sure if her friend was there enough to notice she had come to help him. He kept choking on his own breaths, and Percy just softly moved to pull him up a little, pulling his back against her so he was sitting up and could hopefully breathe a little better.

"Ramsey." "m d-dyin- dying perse- i-" he couldn't really formulate thoughts, it just kept repeating itself, he was dying. Percy shook her head gently, she just had to calm him down so his heart didn't overwhelm itself. "It was just an attack, Ramsey, you're going to be fine."

He shook his head rapidly, hiccuping again and moving a hand up to grasp weakly at his chest and throat, he couldn't *breath*, he *wasnt* going to be fine, things were closing in around him, and he couldn't breathe, and- and- a..and-

Percy blinked at the small squeaked gasp that forced its way out of Ramsey, and softly grabbed one of his hands, shooting a glare at the kid. Sylvie was watching, a quiet fear in his eyes, and there was a man standing behind him now, hands on the kids shoulders. Percy recognized the criminal.

For once, she really didn't care about her job.

She looked back at Ramsey, watching him continue to struggle uselessly, his pulse was speeding up more and more, and this point he wasn't even breathing so much as repeatedly inhaling.

"Ramsey, exhale, come on, it's okay..." He didn't acknowledge her, he couldn't do anything, and he felt his body twitch, and Percy watched as almost a minute afterward, his head lolled forward, and he went slack in her arms.

A blink. Then another. Percy lightly shook him, though she could feel the lack of a pulse under her finger. It'd short-circuited most likely, from shock, or just going too fast. She didn't have anything on her to restart it, and her stamina was low, and... she was *really* fucking pissed at that kid.

She gently put him down, and stood up, putting a hand on her sword and staring at Sylvie and Giovanni. She didn't notice the tears slipping down her cheeks, or the quiet pained gasps that kept slipping from her without her will.

"you.. you have *five minutes* to run. But when i catch you... *fuck* a l-lawful battle."

She wasn't going to let this slide.

Percy knows how to act like a criminal. and she can certainly kill in cold blood like one too.

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